

MY UNCLE

was a headline everyone talked about. He was not afraid of God, he did not save or mind his wife. He fought and gambled, farted and swore. He was louder than a train.

I was smitten with him and the tonic of sin so when there were daughters on calliope knees and t.v. in the evenings, it was not too late for me.

Today I learned that he has been drunk for a month. Everybody at home wonders why, all the Jesus-lickers fat from the receptions he paid for.

He is drunk because he has been betrayed. He abandoned a life where his name was like a tattoo, a life where he strode and boomed. And in return, his daughters abandoned him for men who will never be half the boy he was.

I would like to take my uncle in my arms and say that if it had not been for him I would be nothing but the space inside the O. Then I would like to feed him bourbon and take him to the 100 dollar window at the track and fix him up with California blow job darlings until his heart bursts from sweet excess. Then bury him myself and like Joe DiMaggio, never forget.